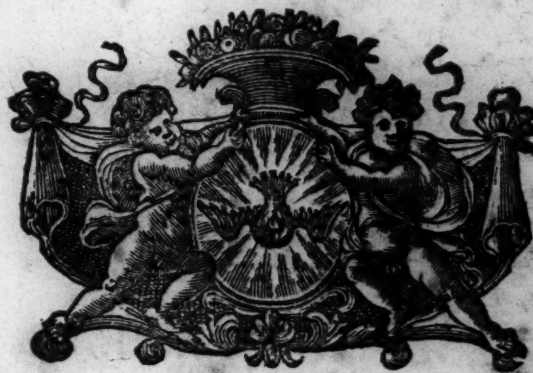


A
P O E M
O F *H. Grotius*
HUGO GROTIUS
ON THE
Holy Sacrament,
Translated into *ENGLISH* Verse.

Procul, O! procul este prophani.



E D I N B U R G H :
Printed by R. FLEMING and COMPANY, for the Au-
THOR, and sold by most Booksellers in Town.
M D C C X X I I.

P O E M

HUGO GROTIUS

OF THE

46
12 17

207

THE





TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN OSBURN, Esq;

Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*,

And the other much Honoured Gentlemen,
Magistrates of this City,

JAMES SIMSON

ROBERT LINDSAY

JAMES COLQUHOUN

WILLIAM CROCKAT

THOMAS DICK Dean of Gild,

ALEXANDER BLACKWOOD Treasurer,

}
Baillies;

The Remanent Members of the Honourable Town
Council;

And the very Reverend the Ministers of the City
of *Edinburgh*,

Much Honoured, and very Reverend,

THE Subject of the following
Poem is the most awful and im-
portant of any that can be, *viz.* the
LORD's

()
LORD's SUPPER ; and manag'd by
the Author, the celebrated *Grotius*, in
a *Latin* Poem, so handsomely, that 'tis
almost next to a Wonder, how he has
been able to comprehend so much, in
such narrow Bounds.

This Poem I have endeavour'd to
translate into *English* Verse, as an In-
nocent Amusement, and the best im-
provement I cou'd make of some lei-
sure Hours.

However, I would by no means have
adventur'd to allow this Translation,
or Paraphrase rather, design'd only for
my own private Use, to appear in Pub-
lick ; had I not been encourag'd to it
by the Advice of several Persons of
Learning, with whom I have the Ho-
nour to be acquainted ; and whose Judg-
ment, in these Matters, I have Reason
to value much more than my own.

()

I have chosen to inscribe this Performance, mean as it is, to your Honours; by whose Providence it is, under God, in Conjunction with the Reverend Ministers of the City, that this Holy Sacrament, the Memorials of our dying Lord, is celebrated here in our Churches, with as much Decency and good Order, if not more, as in any other Place of the Christian World: Intirely free from that Load of Ceremonies and useless Pomp, wherewith in some other Places 'tis too much incumber'd.

And now, that the Magistrates of this City, the publick Guardians of our Peace and Liberty, may ever distinguish themselves, by an impartial Distribution of Justice, and promoting the real Interest of the Place; that the Ministers, the Interpreters of the Sacred Oracles

()
racles of God, may ever shine by exemplary Lives, and edifying Discourses ; And that all the Inhabitants, under their Protection and Instruction, may ever flourish and prosper in all their Concerns, both Civil and Sacred ; is, and ever shall be, the most ardent Wish, and hearty Prayer, of,

Much Honoured, and very Reverend,

Your most devoted,

most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

*Edinburgh-College,
October 24. 1732.*

WILLIAM LAUDER.

The PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem is already better known to the learn'd World, than to need any Encomium or Panegyrick from me; only, I think, I may venture to say, that the Latin Poem is indeed like the Author, I mean Grotius, incomparable, in its kind; and by far the best that ever has been written on the Subject, since the first Institution of that Holy Sacrament.

The Translation, I am sensible, must certainly sink as far below the Original, as the Translator falls short of the Author: However, if the Sense of the Latin is but tolerably render'd, so as an English Reader may understand it, I shall think my Labour not wholly lost.

I have made some few Additions in several Parts of the Poem; but these Additions, I hope, are neither foreign to the Author's Meaning, nor the Nature of the Argument.

To

()
To take our Seats, as Children, at the LORD's Table; and there feed upon the Body and Blood of our dying Saviour, is undoubtedly a Transaction the most august and solemn of any in Time; and which, according to our different Management, is attended either with very happy, or very dismal Consequences.

'Tis therefore of the last Moment to Christians, to use the utmost Caution in managing a Matter of such vast Importance.

And if this small Performance shall be attended with any good Consequence, either as it explains, in few Words, the Nature of that Holy Sacrament, or as it may be subservient in promoting the Devotion of the pious Candidates of that sacred Feast; I shall have no Reason to class the Time, spent in this Version, amongst my lost Hours.

I have subjoin'd to the Latin Poem a Prayer, said to have been compos'd by Prince Eugene; which, I hope, won't be unacceptable to the Reader, being an excellent Composure.

(1)



A

P O E M

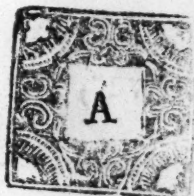
O F

HUGO GROTIUS

O N T H E

Holy Sacrament,

Translated into *ENGLISH* Verse.



ALL hail! mysterious; hail! religious rites!
Of antient institution; grand and solemn!
Festivals! sacred to th' Immortal King:
Dear to each Christian soul! I join myself
(Now after endless sighs) to that blest feast:

A

Eager

Eager to reap those joys, celestial joys!
Which with ambition keen so long I've courted.

Grateful, dear SAVIOUR, grateful, I resent
Thy legacy; great gift! bequeath'd by thee,
By thy last will; when hast'ning on to death.
This banquet's destin'd to shew forth thy death;
Thy death, blest scene of woe! sacred repast!
Ordain'd before thy flight to heav'nly realms,
Such was thy love to man, rebellious race!
Altho' thy mind with dismal thoughts oppress'd,
Thou brok'st the bread, pour'dst out the generous wine,
And gav'st to mournful friends with lib'ral hand:
This, said'st thou, is my body, this my blood:
My body's broken, and my blood is shed,
To furnish comfort to your pious souls:
My body's real meat, my blood is real drink:
Both grand memorials of a dying GOD.

Therefore, when thro' the liquid air I tower,
With lofty wing, above the starry frame;
Advanc'd beyond the reach of mortal eye:
To cheer you in my absence, I ordain

This

This bread and wine, to testify my love:
 Symbols of love to you, my favourite flock!
 Under this pledge I'll present always be;
 Nor will I leave you destitute, forlorn;
 Or shall the space immense our souls disjoin,
 Which severs from this earth the arched heavens.

CHRIST having thus ordain'd that royal feast,
 The sacred twelve, obedient to their LORD,
 Invited all his followers to partake:
 And as they were commanded, straight began
 To hand the love-repast to future ages down.

This then belongs to all, whose pious zeal
 Wou'd share the banquet, to deny themselves,
 Renouncing all their works, and to plead guilty
 Before the grand tribunal of their judge:
 Hopeless of pardon from an angry GOD,
 If not appeas'd by CHRIST's redeeming veins;
 CHRIST, the great ransom for the sins of men,
 Whose precious blood defaces all our guilt;
 Who saves us from the spiteful rage of Satan;
 Satan, dire instrument of mortal fall,

Of sin and death; an endless train of woe!
 But he, kind SAVIOUR of our sinful race,
 Mankind, when doom'd to pains infernal, freed
 From *Satan's* yoke, base and ignoble state!
 Granting to slaves a large, a noble freedom.

So now, as sons adopted, at his table
 We take our seats, tho' formerly excluded;
 But hence, for thus our LORD commands, we banish
 " All persons, impious and profane; who worship
 " With minds involv'd in thick *Cimmerian* darkness,
 " In place of the true GOD, dumb stocks or stones:
 " All those, who grand impostors of the people,
 " (Intruders bold into the will divine)
 " Pry into future secrets, and unknown;
 " Deriving from th' old serpent all their skill:
 " The infidel, the atheist, who deny
 " The providence, or being of a GOD;
 " Or knowing, yet presumptuously defy,
 " Falsely, or vainly, swearing by his name:
 " All those, who GOD's most holy temples shun;
 " Apostates, and reject the christian rites;
 " Bold violaters of the sabbath's rest,

" By

“ By thoughts, or actions, worldly and profane;
 “ Destin’d by GOD himself to nobler ends;
 “ Blest portion of our time ! repose of souls !
 “ Types of eternal rest ! foretastes of heaven !
 “ Where no distracting cares invade the mind;
 “ But peace, and love, and harmony abound:
 “ Thrice happy state of bliss ! where JESUS reigns.

“ Traitors against their just and lawful king;
 “ Who sport with God’s vicegerents, and their crowns,
 “ Plotting against their government, or lives;
 “ The bane of common-wealths, and publick peace:
 “ All children, who impatient of restraint,
 “ Their mouths profane with impious wishes fill;
 “ Eager to shrowd their parents under ground,
 “ And viper-like their aged bowels tear,
 “ (Hateful to GOD, to man ; and left of heav’n)
 “ Inhuman, from a thirst of gold accurst :
 “ All, who their neighbours fame, regardless, wound
 “ With foul aspersions, borrowed all from hell ;
 “ Turbulent souls ! dire enemies to peace !
 “ Implacable, and stain’d with guiltless blood:
 “ The prime supporters of th’ infernal court,
 “ And *Satan*’s chiefeft ministers of state :

“ Ye

" Ye herd impure ! enslav'd to vile affections,
 " Licentious, brutal ; fly the hallowed ground ;
 " Who drown your reason in the sparkling bowl,
 " Or shake your vigour by luxurious meals,
 " To please your taste, foul *Epicures!* And who
 " Defile the sacred temples of your GOD ;
 " Indulging thoughts, or words, or acts, unclean ;
 " All ye, who by unlawful means invade
 " The rights of others ; and oppress the poor,
 " By fraud or force ; insatiate souls of *Ore*,
 " Keepers, not masters, of the useless treasure :
 " Ye gamesters, sinful souls ! avoid the place,
 " Who spend estates at dye's uncertain chance,
 " And what's more precious, days, and months,
 and years :
 " Dice, hell's invention ! fertile source of woe !
 " *Pandora's* box reviv'd ! severest scourge
 " Of angry heaven ! provock'd by mortal guilt ;
 " Harbinger of contempt, remorse and want !
 " Huge plague of kingdoms ! swiftest bane of wealth !
 " Alluring only fools, and slaves to vice :
 " All ye, who by an outward piety,
 " Affected, act the worst of crimes ; and thus
 " Deceive

“ Deceive your neighbours, and your selves deceive:
 “ In fine, we all exclude, whom for their crimes,
 “ To own, as fellow christians, we’re asham’d ;
 “ With those, who swell’d with arrogance and pride,
 “ Disdain to own the Gospel of our LORD.

These awful mysteries must not be profan’d,
 By hands unhallowed, and unhallowed hearts :
 This is the badge of CHRIST’s victorious church,
 Of sacred armies ; all ordain’d for triumphs ;
 Which we require, as faithful soldiers, bound
 By military oath. — Hence we debar
 The chief-commanders of the adverse crew,
 (Curs’d brood of giants ! enemies to heaven !)
 From all communion of the solemn feast ;
 Until their former courses they desert,
 And throwing down their weapons of rebellion ;
 Return, all chearful, to their first allegiance.

But we, true penitents, confess our sins
 (With hearts inflam’d with love to CHRIST, our
 King,)
 Before our judge ; and anxious pray for pardon.
 But ah ! the too tenacious stains of guilt,

How

How close it cleaves ; deriv'd from *Adam's* fall ;
 And crowds of thoughts impure defile the heart :
 While the dire poison, rooted deep, remains
 Impregnable ; nor yields to human power :
 Yet, the broad path of sin and death we shun ;
 Regen'rate by the Holy Sp'rit of GOD ;
 Nor are we, like apostates vile, deterr'd
 By frequent falls, from holding on our course :
 But straight emerging from our foul offence,
 Undaunted, in religion's ways proceed :
 Help'd on by the rich meal, supply'd by CHRIST ;
 Bless'd counter-poison to the baneful fruit,
 Devour'd by *Adam*, fatal to his race !
 And to compleat the cure, the grand physician
 Provides a draught, sufficient to abolish
 The seeds of death, infus'd into our veins !
 While he, the grand physician of our souls,
 JESUS ! the prince of righteousness and peace,
 Second *Melchisedec*, Eternal Priest,
 Blessing the pious race of *Abraham's* sons ;
 (Triumphing o'er their foes, as once their sire,)
 Regales them with a feast of bread and wine :
 Indulging to his friends these twofold signs,
 Whereof

Whereof the antient paschal was the type;
 JESUS, the paschal lamb, the cov'nant's seal;
 The cov'nant, which he ratify'd by blood,
 When hanging on the cross: Amazing love!

This bread's that manna, which of old from heav'n
 Descending, famish'd *Israel's* tents reliev'd:
 And now, the heav'nly bread, and generous wine,
 Remove from christian minds their hunger's rage;
 Antidote strong against th' efforts of hell,
 Repelling death eternal's ghostly power.

Pure souls may taste the supper; for the king,
 The master of the feast, alone commands
 Such guests to be invited, whose offence
 Is pardon'd, by a SAVIOUR's blood defac'd.*

But woe! but misery! and eternal death!
 To those, who proud and haughty, slight the call;
 Preferring worldly gain, or sensual pleasure,
 From farms and oxen, and from *Hymen's* joys.

* *Orig.* By pure element defac'd, *i. e.* Baptism.

Nor shall the impious wretch escape, who dares
 With hands defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood,
 (Ten thousand vile affections lodg'd within)
 Profane the sacred feast.—The sovereign cure,
 The wholesome dish, shall lose its usual power;
 Producing dire effects, like deadly poison,
 And prey upon the vitals, and the marrow;
 Protracting still the pain to endless days.

This sentence stands, and ever will, in force
 Against your guilty souls, and grants commission
 To the fierce agents of th' almighty wrath;
Go, bind 'em hand and foot, and plunge 'em deep
Into the rueful darkness of the pit;
 Th' infernal pit! a bottomless abyss,
 Where hideous shrieks of ghosts, tormented, roar,
 And with their doleful musick rend the ear;
 And where the twinging smart, and racking pain,
 Defy, thro' endless ages, wish'd for death;
 Wish'd for, but wish'd in vain! by hopeless souls;
 Hopeless of all solace! eternal prey of flames.

But, O! all hail! thy shepherd, sacred flock,
 Affords thee pasture, and refreshing streams;

He

(II)

He guides thee with his staff; and will vouchsafe
To lead thee homeward to his heavenly fold;
And feed, with tender care, on *Zion's* hill:
He fears not fiercest robbers to oppose,
Or rav'nous wolves; but lavish of his blood,
Meets dangers, uncontroul'd; and, that he may
Preserve his flock, the faithful shepherd dies!

O blessed guests! invited by your LORD,
(For he, th' eternal Father's priest, ordains
That food celestial for your pious use)
Now, take his body, which the cursed tree
Bore; precious weight! that body! which confin'd
To silent shades, lay buried in the grave;
While *Phæbus* twice his face in darkness veil'd,
And twice, resplendent, shone with golden rays:
And which, victorious, broke the bonds of death,
Nor by a borrowed power; enormous deed!
Nature's great law revers'd by nature's greater LORD.
And thus triumphing, glorious, o'er the powers
Of darkness, pav'd a way to heavenly bliss,
(Forfeited bliss! by *Adam's* first offence)
To flesh entomb'd, which must again revive,
Disdain the grave, and fly beyond the skies:

That so the body, now immortal, join'd
 Each to its soul respective, blest may live
 Commens'rate ages to their head supreme.

After his wond'rous rising from the dead,
 He blest our earth, in his immortal flesh,
 Obnoxious to our senses; felt and seen:
 Then soaring in a lofty cloud, the heavens
 Receive the GOD! where now, advanc'd, he reigns
 O'er all created beings, with his Father.

Now, chearful, likewise taste his crimson blood;
 That blood! the very same, which trickling down
 CHRIST's sacred body, ting'd with hallowed gore
 Golgotha's plains; (with purple deaths profan'd)
 When the audacious *Roman*, with his spear,
 Open'd a passage, from his dying side.

As bread, digested by th' internal heat,
 (Supply'd by prudent nature, to repair
 Our wasted strength) diffuses straight its juice
 Thro' all the channels of our mortal flesh,
 And blending with our bodies, thus prevents
 Our fading natures from a swift decay:

Ev'n

Ev'n so CHRIST's body feeds the souls of men,
 With food immortal; and the Sp'rit of GOD,
 By which we live, unites us unto CHRIST,
 By an implanted vigour in our minds,
 And joins the members, with a mutual bond,
 To CHRIST, the head supreme of all his church:
 That so the sacred union of our souls,
 May live together in perpetual bliss;
 Our minds with equal harmony possess'd.

Like as a generous draught of mellow wine,
 Fires human hearts with joy; anon we feel
 Showers pleasant glide along our swelling veins;
 Our nerves breath flaming vapours, and drink pleasure:
 Just so the blood, that flows from JESUS' wounds,
 Trickling along his feet, and hands, and sides,
 In purple streams, perfumes our hearts within,
 With secret and balsamick moisture; (while
 His Spirit cheers and animates our souls:)
 And by a bloody tract displays a way,
 O'er all our heart-strings, fibres, and our veins:
 Our throbbing breasts with pious joy o'erflow,
 As sinking spirits rise by cordial wine.

Now then, let all the guests address their prayers
 To CHRIST, the great inviter, who bestows
 The heavenly banquet, to rejoice their souls;
 And with profoundest rev'rence let 'em bow,
 Before th' Almighty Father's only Son;
 And, shout his glories in exalted verse.
 While link'd together by the mutual bond
 Of love fraternal, chearful, they repair
 To heavens high court, with hearts and minds unite;
 And, grateful, offer thanks unto their King,
 Who saves his subjects; and who, dying, lives,
 By death his universal church to save. *
 Thanks !——a more pleasing sacrifice by far,
 Than all the incense, all the victims slain;
 Order'd by GOD, by *Moses*, or the Law.

He ! he's that bread renown'd, whose virtue's such
 That hunger it eternally excludes
 From all who eat the same, with faith sincere:
 And he's the drink, whose mighty force removes,
 From all who use't, the dire effects of thirst.

* Orig. The city of the universe to save. i. e. all mankind.

When he, conspicuous, shall ascend his throne
 (Suspended in the clouds) expos'd to view,
 In that same body, whereupon we feed ;
 He sole will sit the judge supreme ; and doom
 All mortals ;—humble slaves, and haughty kings ;
 While angels, numberless, attend all round :
 And when these lower worlds, th' amazing product
 Of twice three days, shall moulder into ashes ;
 (Ages unknown elaps'd) consum'd with fire :
 And when th' archangel's trumpet rends the skies,
 And tearing up the graves, awakes the dead ;
 Then he, all-powerful ! from the jaws of death,
 Will loose us, disentangl'd ; and advance
 To his right-hand : Thrice honourable state !
 (For at his left shall guilty wretches stand,
 Doom'd to eternal torments for their crimes.)

We, heav'n-born souls ! will follow straight our guide,
 And o'er the pure cerulean ride sublime ;
Phœbus' high tract, fair *Cynthia*'s silver ray,
 And twinkling stars ; unnumber'd globes of light !
 Beyond these dying worlds where days are known :
 Where fortune, blind and sportive, dares no more,
 With dubious maze, assault our state secure ;
 Our state ! by adamantine chains secure.

- “ Wonderful city of th’ eternal King !
 “ Heavenly *Jerusalem* ! supremely bright !
 “ All-glorious palace of the court divine !
 “ Where GOD, with light inimitable, shines :
 “ General assembly of the church triumphant !
 “ Where thousand times ten thousand angels dwell ;
 “ And righteous souls, with ample glory crown’d !

In place of flying time, and passing hours,
 Eternity, unbounded, shall succeed ;
 Perpetual circle ; — vast amazing thought !

We, blest immortals ! shall for ever dwell
 In regions, sparkling with excessive light ;
 The confines of the universe reform’d !
 The utmost bounds of things ! the flaming walls
 Of heaven ! where charming objects bless the eyes ;
 Pleas’rable realms of light, and peaceful rest !
 Where *Night* dares ne’er expand her sable wings ;
 But where eternal day yields joys unknown ;
 And smiles, with chearful air, on every face.
 Thro’ all the mansions of the shining court,
 The majesty divine diffuses round
 Infinite rays of glory ; and displays

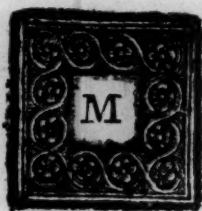
His

His radiant face, upon the eager soul :
 The majesty divine! ----- immensely good !
 Immensely great ! supremely just and wise !
 Soaring above the reach of mortal minds,
 Baffling our best conceptions, with disdain :
 A deep ! where human wisdom, human skill,
 As in a boundless ocean, wholly's lost.

Thus an eternal peace shall reign ; amidst
 The charms of musick, and celestial choirs :
 And thus harmonious crowds of saints above,
 (Supported each on lofty thrones, and join'd
 To sp'rits and angels, infinite and glorious :
 Above the aids of marriage, rest, or wine ;
 Mean subsidies of life below the skies !)
 JESUS the royal donor, -----shall enjoy
 Pleasures, too vast for thought ; unmix'd with pain :
 And exquisite delights o'er all their senses reign.



E U C H A R I S T I A.



Ystici secreta ritus, prisca religio sacri,
 Cœtibusque sancta semper Christianis *Orgia*,
 Addo me vobis *Epoïten*, totque post suspiria
 Perfruoꝝ desiderato candidatus gaudio.

Munus adgnosco tabellis Chrifte legatum tuis,
 Proximum pergentis ire mortis ad periculum.
 Hæ dapes sunt funerales, hoc sacrum Propter-viam:
 Cœna jam mori parantis, inque procinctu data.
 Ipse tu, quanquam supremo tristis in convivio,
 Ipse panem dividebas, ipse libabas merum,
 Et salutis liberali porrigebas dexterâ.
 Hi c, ais, sanguis, sodales; hoc ais, corpus meum:
 Corpus hoc vobis jacebit: sanguis hic vobis fluet:
 Hic

Hic bibendus: hoc edendum: grande *mnemosynum* Dei.
 Ergo cum cœlestis aula me procul raptum sibi,
 Non finet coram tueri; panis & vinum mei
 Semper erga vos amoris esto testimonium.
 Hæc ero præsens sub arrâ: nec citatus pignore
 Destitutos vos relinquam: nec *Chaos* nos dividet
 Illud inmensum, quod alto dividit terras polo.
 Ritui sic indicato Principis jussum sui
 Persequens Apostolorum præfuit collegium;
 Et vicem functum magistri, Christianorum chòros
 Ad sacras epulas vocavit, & propinavit merum,
 Et sacrum solenne seris tradidit nepotibus.
 Hæc initia quisquis ambit, ante diffidat sibi,
 Seque damnet ipse iudex, testis, actor, & reus,
 Nec nisi gratis favente speret absolvi Deo:
 Hoc precatus, inmerentis ut necem nati pater
 In solutum sumat almâ largus indulgentiâ,
 Et fide-jubente Christo nomen accepto ferat,
 Cujus insonti cruore deleatur cautio,
 Cautio quæ tanta, quantam nemo solvendo fuit:
 Ne Dei dirus satelles, ille noster carnufex,
 Debitores in profundum carcerem nexos trahat;
 Creditumque persecutus ducat addictos sibi.

Gentis humanæ Redemptor mancipatos inferis
 Noluit servire pœnis; *Ditis* ereptos jugo,
 Nosque liberos abire jussit, & misit manu.
 Mensa testis est herilis, cujus exsortes prius,
 Adrogati filiorum more nunc adcumbimus.
 Hinc procul, procul profani, quos vel error credulus,
 Vel superstitiosa veri fallit ignorantia,
 Quique trunco, quique saxo funditis surdo preces.
 Ite quotquot ab catervâ transfugæ desciscitis,
 Et repudium Christiano nuntiatis cœtui:
 Augures, aruspicesque, qui futura venditis,
 Quique *Circeæ* tenetis artis horrendum scelus,
 Quique supremi, negatis esse nos curam Dei,
 Et quibus juris superstes nulla jurati fides.
 Ite Regum perduelles, & quibus vivax pater,
 Aut nimis longæva mater: impiæ linguæ procul
 Ite, & ite factiosi, nata diffidiis cohors.
 Ite ventres, ite turpi serva gens lubrici,
 Cumque mœchis ebriosi; vosque turba pestilens,
 Vos cohors morbosa nostris exsulate finibus,
 Qui simultates fovetis, hosticoque spiritu
 Inpotenter æstuantem quatitis irarum faces.
 Ite queis jus est in armis, dexteras innoxiiis
 Cædibus contaminati, quosque ditant fœnora.

Ite fures & rapaces, & quibus nil est satis,
 Et deest quod possidetis, alexæque lubrico
 Qui datis census, & horas cariores censibus.
 Ite quorum nos pueret: ite quos nostri pudet:
 Hæc nefas arcana vestro pollui contagio:
 Hæc triumphis destinati tessera est exercitus,
 Quam Sacramento ligati militari poscimus.
 Hinc notis arcemus istis partis adversæ duces,
 Atque diris exsecramur omne *Titanum* genus,
 Arma divino moventum classico contraria;
 Donec ad meliora versos, deditosque, & in fidem
 Publicam cernat receptos sacra vexillatio.
 Nos Deo culpam fitemur, criminum quos pœnitet,
 Utque condonet precamur: hæret, hæret intimis
 Offibus labes avita, cuius hæredes sumus,
 Urimurque blandientis carnis impetigine,
 Pullulante semper *Hydrâ*: nec potest radicitus
 Virus evelli repugnax, & vetustifcens malum.
 At Dei tamen renati spiritu genitabili
 Calle cedimus sinistro, nec pedem casus frequens
 Cogit infirmum referre: semper emerfus luto
 Gressus in dextrâ reponit semitâ vestigium,
 Nitimurque pervicaces ire virtutis viam;
 Hoc viatico refectioni, robur ut crescat, cibo,

Quem

Quem dapi primæ parentum Christus *antidotum* dedit ;
 Addiditque potionem liberantem viscera,
 Pristino *Lethes* veterno præstitis medici manus.
 Alter hic *Melchisedecus*, sempiternus Pontifex,
 Pacis hic, æquique princeps, *Abrahami* posteros,
 Læta gestantes opima, pane donat & mero.
 Hæc dat ambo signa nobis *Paschatis* prisca loco,
 Ille nostrum *Pascha* Christus, fœderisque symbola,
 Fœderis, quod immolatus sanxit ipse sanguine.
 Panis hic est illud olim *Manna* labsum cœlitus,
 Quo reliquit *Israelem* sæva deserti fames.
 Longa solvunt Christianis mentibus jejunia
 Succus *Ambrosiæ* salubris, *Nectarisque* poculum,
 Quo semel perfusa largè corda dediscunt mori.
 Cœna lotis est parata: post aquam discumbitur:
 Ipse nam modimperator, ipse rex convivii
 Jussit hunc ad adparatum conrogari singulos,
 Amne quos puro rigatos lustricus vidit dies.
 Væ superbè contumaces, væ recusantes sequi,
 Quotquot excusationi, cum vocet rex optumus,
 Vel boves emtos, vel agrum, vel torum prætenditis.
 Pœna nec minor manebit vos, ad hæc qui fercula
 Veste non purâ venitis inpudenter sordidi.
 Dulcis hæc medela vobis, nobilisque mattya,

Cedet

Cedet atrox in venenum, cuius infectas lue
 Uret arcanus medullas ignis, ut *Nessi* cruor;
 Mortis æternæ minister. Durat hæc sententia
 In caput prolata vestrum: Quadrupedem constringite,
 Et profundi terte tristes in tenebras *Tartari*,
 Quâ resultant ejulatus, horridum dentes crepant,
 Et vetat semel perire semper occidens dolor.
 O mihi grex sancte salve: magnus upilio tibi
 Pabulum, potumque præbet: ille te regit pedo,
 Ille quondam læta *Olympi* pollicetur pascua.
 Ille nec fures ovilis, nec lupi rictum fugit:
 Obvius currit periclis; sanguinisque prodigus,
 Dum gregem possit tueri, non timet pastor mori.
 O cohors conviva Christi, (namque te mysteri
 Compotem, sacræque fecit ipse cerimoniæ
 Patris æterni sacerdos:) corpus hoc ipsum cape;
 Corpus, infelix quod arbor gessit adfixum cruci,
 Mole quod jacuit sepulcri nocte binâ conditum;
 Et, subactâ lege *fati*, sponte turrexit suâ:
 Nos ut exemplo doceret, lucis hæc ad limina
 Perditæ retro patere morte defunctis viam:
 Inde porro visuique tactuique obnoxium,
 Rebus humanis, perire nesciens, interfuit:
 Hinc in alta nube raptum sede in excelsa tenet

Dexte.

Dexteram rerum parentis. Sanguis hic idem datur,
 Qui cadens infame poenis *Golgothæ* tinxit solum,
 Cum fariffa militaris mortuum fodit latus.
 Panis animæ vi recoctus, & caloris fomite
 (Quem refartorem perennis corporum dispendii
 Addidit Natura mater) omnibus succos viis
 Dividit late fruendos, inque partem vertitur,
 Seque transformans in artus sustinet vitæ fugam:
 Sic alit mentes Jesu corpus æternans cibus,
 Spiritusque quo vegemus, Spiritus Dei, Deus,
 Infito fervore Christo nos facit concorpores,
 Et coacta membra membris jungit, & membris caput:
 Ut jugali temperata partium concordia
 Spiret immortale puram sacra compages diem.
 Cor *Lyæi* mitis haustus ut perurit gaudio,
 Cum per exta dulcis imber serpit, artus humidi
 Flammeos halant vapores, & voluptatem bibunt:
 Vulnerum sic ille Christi, qui pedes per & manus,
 Perque costas purpuranti rore manavit cruor,
 Pectoris secreta nostri permeante spiritu,
 Intus occulti madoris fumigat suffitibus:
 Perque fibras, perque venas, ipsa per præcordia,
 Pervium sibi tenorem sanguinali tramite
 Imbuit, piâque mentes incitat temulentiâ.

Carne

Carne pasti quotquot hujus sacra mensæ carpinus
 Hospitem Christum precemur, ebriique sanguine
 Maximi gnato parentis supplicemus gaudiis,
 Carminumque duplicata conferamus júbila.
 Mutuo fraterni amoris copulati vinculo,
 Ad suprema templa cœli, mentis unanimi gradu,
 Ite concordēs ad unum: proque tûris polline
 Gratias adolete regi, qui clientes sospitat,
 Qui salutē civitatis *Universi* mortuus
 Vivit, & largitione publicâ nos educat.
 Ipse panis est celebris, nulla quo pastum semel,
 Nulla temporum sequentum vexat esuritiō:
 Ipse potus, quo rigatos nulla distorquet sitis.
 Ipse cum spectandus illo, quo cibamur, corpore,
 Pendulis scandet tribunal stare jussum nubibus,
 Ipse præses jura dicet, adfidebunt Angeli:
 Cumque sex labor dierum sæculorum termino
 Ibit orbis in favillas, & rogam perdet rogo;
 Cum cadaverum citatrix clanget Accensi tuba,
 Ipse nos solvet sepulcri conpeditos nexibus
 Parte secretos ab una: nam sinistros ordines
 Turba complebit reorum, criminum pœnas pares
 Et suos passura manes. Nos sequemur principem
 Qua super *Phæbi* meatus & dierum patriam

Menstruique incerta motus, totque palantes globos.
 Purioris ora cœli lactis ostentat viam,
 Ætherisque candicantis ducit ad palatia.
 Turbo non versabit ultra sortis humanæ vices:
 In locum sæcli fugacis, inque momenti locum
 Illud æternum subibit, & perennis circulus.
 Nos beati, nos profundâ luce vibrantes domos,
 Et reformati colemus Totius pomœria,
 Extimi flammata mundi septa, rerum verticem,
 Luminis campos patentes, & quietis liberæ,
 Nox ubi nunquam timetur, consciusque gaudii
 Dulce vèrnanți sereno blandus adridet dies:
 Tecta per gemmantis aulæ spargit inmensum jubar
 Dîa Majestas, nec ullo passa se fastigio
 Mentis adtingi, nec ullo vocis æquari sono,
 Et sui vultus corusco pectus adflatum beat.
 Musicos inter canores, cœlites inter choros
 Detinebit feriatos pervigil tranquillitas.
 Tunc Jēsu præbitore, contubernalis cohors
 Cum Cherubino senatu fulta sublimi tōro,
 Non dato felicitatis fine, convivabimur.



A N

Universal Prayer,

For all that regard

S A L V A T I O N :

I BELIEVE in you, O my GOD; strengthen my Belief: I hope in you, secure my Hope: I love you, encrease my Love: I repent that I have sinned against you, add to my Repentance,

I adore you as my first Principle, I desire you as my last End; I thank you as my perpetual Benefactor, and invoke you as my Sovereign Protector.

VOUCH.

VOUCHSAFE, O my GOD, to regulate me by your Wisdom; to awe me by your Justice; to comfort me by your Mercy; and protect me by your Power.

I consecrate to you my Thoughts, my Words, my Actions, and my Sufferings; that, for the Future, I may think of you, speak of you, act by you, and suffer for you.

MAKE my Will, O LORD, conformable always, and in every Thing, to your most holy Will.

I beg you to illuminate my Understanding, to enflame my Will, to purify my Body, and sanctify my Soul.

ANIMATE me, O my GOD, to be truly pénitent for my past Offences, to overcome my future Temptations, to correct my predominant Passions, and practise Virtues proper for my State.

FILL my Heart, O LORD, with Affection for your Goodness, with Aversion to my Imperfections,
with

with Zeal for my Neighbour, and Contempt for the World.

PUT me in Mind, O LORD, to be submissive to my Superiors, charitable to my Inferiors, faithful to my Friends, and indulgent to my Enemies.

ASSIST me, O LORD, to subdue Sensuality by Mortification, Covetousness by Alms, Anger by Mildness, and Tepidity by Fervour.

RENDER me prudent, O LORD, in Undertakings, constant in Dangers, patient in Adversity, and humble in Prosperity.

LET me never forget to join Attention to my Prayers, Temperance to my Meals, Exactness to my Employments, and Steadiness to my Resolutions.

INSPIRE me, O LORD, with the Care of keeping always an upright Conscience, a modest Behaviour, an edifying Conversation, and a regular Conduct.

THAT

THAT I may incessantly apply my self to overcome Nature, to second Grace, to observe the Laws, and obtain Salvation.

DISCOVER to me, O **LORD**, the Meanness of the World, the Greatness of Heaven, the Shortness of Time, and the Length of Eternity.

MAKE me prepare for Death, fear your Judgment, avoid Hell, and finally gain Heaven; Through the Merits of our **LORD JESUS CHRIST**.

Amen.

